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POEM

ON THE FASHIONABLE RITE

OF CONSECRATING

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ON THE FASHIONABLE RITE

OF CONSECRATING

MILITARY COLOURS.

O FORTHWITH repair to yon ground,
For many brave Youths will be there,
To guard all the rights of the Crown,
With ſword and fuſee to a hair!

Fine hats and rich plumes, *Militaire*,
Blue coats, red collars, all th' reſt,
From head to the foot we appear,
All Gentlemen ſoldiers confeſt.

How warlike this offspring of Mars,
In mien, and in gait and atrire?
Whoſe boſom Belona inflames
With zeal, and all her wild fire!

Can Britain defenceleſs appear,
Tho' her legions ſhould fall in the field,
While her cities, her hamlets and ſhires,
Such noble defenders can yield?

The Volunteer Corps now march forth?
In armour both poliſh'd and bright,
Adroit in the arts of defence,
To perform their manoeuvres aright.

To-day their ſtandard unfurl'd,
Shall wave in the ſun and the air,
To conſecrate which to the ſkies,
The band, all devout, now repair.

A prayer, pronounc'd by yon prieſt,
The enſign of war ſhall devote,
To guard our Religion and State—
A flag which ſhall ne'er be forgot.

Such pray'rs, ſo devout and refin'd,
Far wafted by Heralds of fame,
And read by the brave, and the wiſe,
Muſt grace their author's great name.

Should they aſcend not to the ſky,
And thence bring an anſwer of peace,
They cannot ſure miſs their reward,
While they can a Stipend increaſe.

Bleſt traffic! ſo lately reviv'd,
To conſecrate enſigns of war,
Whence Britain ſhall flouriſh at home,
And gain wealth and conqueſts afar.

Let croakers the art ridicule,
And of ſuperſtition complain,
By it we hope to prevail,——
The State's wonted ſplendor mantain.

We'll ſhew, by this rite, our Ally,
The triple crown'd monarch of Rome,
We are not averſe to his faith,
And how near his worſhip we'll come.

A flag thro' the hands of the Fair,
And ſacred by pray'r to the ſky,
Our valour in danger will rouſe,
Whence we all our foes ſhall defy.

Beneath ſacred banners to fight,
Tranſcendent the honour indeed!
And may not our heroes thence hope,
To be proof 'gainſt powder and lead!

Extenſive thy virtues, O Rome!
To conſecrate Mars' noble bands,
Armadas of ancient renown,
To conquer baſe Heretics' lands!

What virtue's deriv'd to our arms,
From Papa—the churches grand head,
Who flags and war ſteeds can preſerve,
And their riders from ſteel and from lead!

Defy may not Britain their foes,
When Princes and Prelates combine?
The Emp'ror—the Pope—and who knows?
All join in a war ſo divine!

What feats ſhall our heroes atchieve,
When they're ſo ally'd to the ſky!
With banners to heaven ſo dear,
Before them Hell's legions ſhall fly.

Ye hords, *Democratic*, beware,
You ſtain not this conſecrate ground;
Ye Swine, to your ſtyes all repair,
When volunteer muſic ſhall ſound.

Ye *raſcally rabble* of *France*,
Republican—Sanculotte race,
Should *you dare* to Britain advance,
Our heroes will ſhew you a chace.

With us *Requiſition* unknown,
Our volunteer legions unite,
All burning for Britain's renown,
Impatient with Gallia to fight.

Should her ſons once viſit our ſhore,
Or internal commotions ariſe;
Our Muſkets and Cannon ſhall roar,
Under Standards bequeath'd to the Skies.

For King and for Place-men we'll fight,
For Church and for State will contend;
How noble! how glorious the fight!
e vile Swiniſh herd, lowly bend.

Can the Church but *flouriſh and ſmile*,
When in arms her ſons thus appear;
When brave volunteers crowd our Iſle,
And velvet red necks form the rear?

What fine times for Churchmen are theſe,
When jobs of this nature abound;
When a pray'r preferment can gain,
And fame to the cloth thence redound?

Ye ſons of old Levi, rejoice,
Rich livings ye, doubtleſs, ſhall find,
Should Rome her old empire regain,
And Britain in fetters, too, bind.

A Cardinal's hat may reward
The Altar's grave heroes ſo bold,
Whoſe breath can ſuch wonders atchieve;
Bleſt feats with applauſe to be told.

Ne'er ſcruple, in pray'rs, to revile
Reformers and *French*—friends of hell;
Of treaſons and plots them arraign,
And to God, what he knows, not, thus tell.

Them curſe, in his name, and defy,
Moſt bitterly curſe the *vile crew*,
That all their dark ſchemes prove in vain,
And henceforth their number be few.

When men both of birth and deſert,
The Champions of Heaven appear,
How hopeful the ſtate of the realm!
Her int'reſt bright proſpects muſt wear.

Brave Soldier's to Heaven now ally'd,
What mighty good Chriſtians are ye?
The word of command but once heard,
Our valour the nations ſhall ſee.

Republican *locuſts* may ſwarm,
And menace the peace of the land;
Their *impotent* efforts defy,
They are but an impious band.

THE END.